My Halo Fic (definitely a working title)

by selfadjustingsqueegee

Summary: **UPDATE #1** First person combat! Violence! Action!
Better-than-average grammar! Knock-knock jokes! It's all here! Well,
maybe not...

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Hålo
>
UNSC Light Cruiser Forthcoming (LC-115)
>
A sudden, loud, siren-like wail startled me awake, and I found
myself on my sleeping pallet. I sat up as the klaxon continued to
blare. The red emergency lights above the doors blinked rapidly, the
only light in the room. I swung my feet down to the floor and grabbed
my jumpsuit from where it lay at the foot of my crude 'bed'. People
were shouting and running around in the darkness of the marine
quarters. "What's happening?" Corporal William Docker shouted over
the klaxon from the bunk above. "Where's my other boot?" Pfc. Marvin
Krestin asked from the bunk opposite mine, his face hidden in the
poor light. I pulled my jumpsuit up over my legs, then got my arms in
and zipped it up. Corporal Docker landed in his boxers on the smooth
tile floor in front of me and fell over. "Found your boot, grunt!"
Docker said and threw the boot he had stumbled on at Krestin. I
closed the clasps on my boots as somebody found the light and we were
suddenly blinded by the white, bright world. The klaxon stopped its
wailing, but the red lights continued to flash. Suddenly the PA
sounded from the ceiling above in the captain's voice. "All hands
stand by to repel boarders! This is not a drill! Repeat, this is not
a drill!" Docker swore as he zipped his jumpsuit. "Everybody, get to
the armory!" he ordered. Lieutenant Paine was shouting orders on the
far side of the room. The rest of our team finished getting dressed
and we ran to the door. Docker slapped the 'open' switch. The door
gave a low pitched beep, a negative signal. Security lock down was in
effect, so you had to have a security code card to open doors.
Suddenly, the ship was rocked by an explosion, then something clanged
against the hull. There was a thump, then quiet. The door suddenly
opened, revealing two other marines, part of the security detail.
"Get to the armory, folks," one said, "We don't have all day!" We

went out into the hallway and started running for the armory, just a few dozen yards away. Another explosion rocked the ship, and I stumbled and fell. I got back up and continued my mad dash for the armory. The duty officer had been waiting for us. The armory officer, a sergeant, grabbed an assault rifle off the rack and tossed it to Corporal Docker, who passed it on to me. The sergeant and Docker were grabbing guns and clips of ammo, tossing them to the mob of soldiers - the rest of our platoon had caught up to us. The armorer's assistant arrived and unlocked the main storeroom where the heavy weapons and soldier gear was kept. I followed him in and grabbed a helmet and armor vest. The PA blared above us in a female voice, "Enemies boarding at section 3A and 5A. All hands repel boarders." The armory and barracks were on section 5B. The enemy, whoever they were, were one level above us. We scrambled to get to the elevator. Only about ten guys could fit in the elevator at a time, though, so Corporal Docker kept running, heading for the maintenance access ladder shaft. Private Krestin and I followed. As we reached the ladder shaft, we heard the sound of gunfire above us. Docker tried to unlock the access hatch. I turned on my helmet's radio and my ears were filled with the sounds of the fight. "Cover! Frag 'em now!" "I got one!" "Blue team, go! Red team, go!" More gunfire, then a loud bang as a grenade exploded on the level above. I switched the radio off. "Step back," Corporal Docker said, and aimed his rifle at the lock. Krestin and I jumped back and covered our eyes. Docker turned his face and pulled the trigger, and the lock jumped aside, now broken. Krestin pulled the hatch open and looked up the shaft. He gave a thumbs-up. "It's clear," he said. "Then go, you big dummy!" Docker said. Krestin scrambled into the shaft and began climbing. Docker came hot on his heels, and I brought up the rear. The shaft was less than a meter in width and black as night until Docker turned on his helmet light, revealing the shaft to be a creamy off-white color. The sporadic gunfire got louder as we climbed higher up the shaft until we got to the next level's hatch. "Uh-oh," Krestin said. "What?" Docker asked. Krestin scrambled up above the hatch to let Docker see for himself. There was no latch on the inside of the hatch. Docker banged his fist on the hatch. Nothing happened. "Well, this sucks," Krestin said. Docker pulled himself up and braced himself against the back wall, then pushed hard against the hatch with his legs. The hatch popped out of its seal and clattered on the floor outside. The corporal scrambled out into the hallway and raised his assault rifle. I clambered out and followed suit. The hall way was empty, but the gunfire sounded close by. Krestin came out of the shaft and pointed down the hall. "Sounds like they're just around the corner," he said. "Let's go," Docker said. We ran down the hall and I took a quick peek around the corner. Several marines were trading potshots with the boarders, some kind of aliens. Docker swore. "Covenant troops," he said. I waved to get the attention of the nearest marine, hiding behind a support beam. His face lit up when he saw us. "Took you folks long enough," he said. Docker and Krestin dashed over to the marine while I fired over their heads at the aliens. The aliens were short, funny looking buggers, the ones that veteran marines simply dubbed 'grunts'. A speeding ball of green plasma flashed by my head and hit the wall behind me, leaving a big black scorch mark. I spotted the alien who had shot at me hiding behind a crate and squeezed off a few short bursts. The grunt screamed in a somehow amusing way and pitched over, triggering a few more blasts from its pistol that just charred the floor. It's comrades retreated around the bend. "I got one!" I yelled to Docker. It was my first kill ever and I was pretty happy with it. Docker ignored my enthusiasm. I checked my rifle's ammo indicator. I still

had 42 rounds in the magazine. "Give me a sitrep," Docker told the marine. "A few Covenant boarding craft came out of nowhere," the marine -his name tag read 'Furker'- said. "They attached to the lifeboat airlocks just down the hall and we held them off here. I think they overwhelmed the guys at the other end of the hallway, so they could be just about anywhere. We killed a few of them, though." Several grunt bodies lying on the floor proved the marine's point. "Did you see any elites?" Corporal Docker asked. "No, but- they're coming through again!" Private Furker yelled a warning as several midget aliens came charging towards us out from the lifeboat airlock tunnel their comrades had used to board. They saw us and raised their plasma pistols just as Furker and I opened fire. My bullets slapped one of them to the floor in a spray of guts and blue body fluid as a plasma shot scorched the beam Furker was hiding behind. Two other marines popped up from behind a fallen ventilation shaft and opened fire less then twenty feet from the aliens. "Whoo! Was-ted!" Furker exclaimed, surveying the carnage. My ammo indicator read 06 rounds. I switched the clip. "Good job, guys," Docker told the elated marines. He turned back to Furker. "Who's your C.O.?" "That would be Sergeant Palmer, but he's missing," Furker said. "So I guess you're in charge now." "Any contact with other marines?" Docker asked. "Do you know what's going on in the rest of the ship?" Furker shook his head. "Our radios are being jammed," he said. "Let's check out this airlock tunnel," Docker ordered. "Maybe we can block it off." Krestin and I moved forward, rifles at the ready. I stepped over a dead grunt and kicked its plasma pistol away. I moved up next to the airlock and I saw a green glow in the dark connecting tunnel. I jumped back just in time as a plasma bolt sizzled past my face. I shoved my rifle around the corner without looking and held the trigger, sweeping the place with bullets until my gun clicked dry. Krestin switched places with me while I reloaded my rifle. Corporal Docker came up behind us and tossed a small BE (blast effect) grenade into the airlock tunnel (the standard fragmentation grenade produced too much shrapnel for shipboard use). The grenade exploded and a few alien body parts flew into the hallway. Docker pulled a small mirror from a leg pocket and held it past the corner. "Too dark," he said. Krestin activated his flashlight, fixed to his rifle, and shined it around the corner. "Clear," Docker announced. "Grady, check your radio," he told me. I switched my helmet radio on again, but nothing came through but static. I shook my head. "They're still jamming us," I told him. "I haven't heard any PA broadcasts since they boarded," Krestin observed. Then, he frowned as he realized something was rotten in Denmark. "The PA is a landline, not wireless. How could-" "They're not," Furker assured him. "Those buzzards are smart. They've been shooting out PA speakers and security cams as they go." "We've got to find a superior officer and find out what we're supposed to do." Docker looked at the airlock. "But we gotta make sure no more Covenant troops board here." Furker raised a hand as if he were in a classroom, instead of fighting aliens halfway across the galaxy from Earth. "Sir, I recommend we send someone to the bridge to get orders." Docker nodded. "OK, who's going?" "I'd like to volunteer, sir," Furker said. "OK, marine," Docker said. "Grady, you go with him. We'll hold 'em here." "Yes, sir," I said. Odd, I thought. I hadn't 'sirred' Docker in a long time. Suddenly, though, he was a big shot squad leader, the officer in command. Furker and I started off for the bridge, which was on the lowest level. I was beginning to get a little worried about my ammo. I had only grabbed four clips from the armory, and I had already used up two of them. I scooped up a dead alien's plasma pistol, deciding to conserve my rifle ammo as long as possible. I had a gut feeling that plasma pistols would be

more abundant than rifle clips soon. We walked down several corridors without resistance, empty except for us and a few bodies, some human, some alien. Furker recognized one of the dead marines and swore. I bent down and picked up the dead man's assault rifle. It still had a few rounds in it, so I took the clip and stuck it in a vest pocket. As we neared a maintenance access tunnel in the side of the wall I smelled something, a rotten, sour smell. I held up my hand in a fist and Furker stopped. Furker made a face. He smelled it too. I opened my right hand and waved it horizontally over my head, then pointed at the vent tunnel. Furker knelt down and pointed his rifle at the tunnel while I tiptoed towards it. The smell became stronger. Suddenly a tall blue humanoid appeared right in front of me, swinging something at me. Time seemed to slow to a crawl as I jumped back, and the creature slammed a long, powerful arm into my chest, tossing me aside like a rag doll. My plasma pistol went off as I fell, charring the ceiling. I started to swing my gun back into place as Furker yelled and opened fire- electricity seemed to race across the alien's body before the hail of bullets tore it apart... Time resumed its normal pace and the alien crumpled to the floor with a groan, bleeding purplish fluids from at least twenty bullet holes. The thing's torso was practically gone, hit by so many bullets that it was just blue hamburger meat. The sour smell was even worse now. I got to my feet slowly. I had whacked my arm and knee when I had fallen, but fortunately my helmet had saved my skull. The blow to my chest would have been powerful enought to crack ribs or maybe kill me if it hadn't been for my vest plate. "You all right?" Furker asked. I nodded, too breathless to speak. I never heard of anyone surviving such a close encounter with a Covenant elite before, and my heart was racing. I had been close to death before. Once when I was sick as a kid, then several near car accidents, and when the grunt in the airlock barely missed me, but this was the first time I saw it coming, and that made it the scariest yet. "Good shooting," I managed to say. "Let's get moving." I was still kind of shaky when we made it to the bridge. The bridge was almost deserted and eerily quiet; only a few enlisted Navy crewmen were still at their posts. The captain, a big-shot hero-type named Keyes, seemed busy talking to a naval ensign (his nametag said 'Lovell'). Furker and I reported to the only marine officer we saw, who turned out to be the assistant leader of the marine detachment, Lieutenant Paine. The tall red-headed junior officer just shook his head when we asked for orders. "Cole Protocol has been initiated," Paine said. "We're going to self destruct the Forthcoming and bail out ASAP. We just have to finish the transfer of a few more valuables to the... whatever that thing is," he finished and pointed vaguely out the viewport at a big silverish ring just hanging in space. I was dumbfounded as I studied the ring. It must have been ten thousand kilometers across. The outside edge appeared to be metallic, but the inside was an intricate pattern of blue, white, green, and brown. Slowly I realized that the colorful inside edge was terrain, and earthlike terrain at that. Amazing. An artificial world. "Should we go get Corporal Docker, sir?" Furker asked. His voice snapped me out of my daze. Lieutenant Paine nodded. "Better hustle your butt though, son, because when we leave, this ship blows." "Yessir," Furker said. Paine turned to a Navy enlisted man sitting at one of the consoles. "Sailor. Tell the remaining Longswords to stand by," he ordered. "We still have a few more people on board." "Yes, sir." The lieutenant turned around and saw us still standing there. "Well, get moving!" he exploded. We headed back for the airlock where we left Docker and the others at a full sprint.

End
file.